

Miscellanea Sacra :
O R,
A Curious Collection of
O R I G I N A L
P O E M S,
U P O N
Divine and Moral Subjects .

Collected from the Works of
Several Pious Persons.

To which is Annex'd,

A S C H E M E of a P R O P O S A L for
the Relief of our P O O R, and En-
couragment of T R A D E, humbly
recommended to all Charitable Per-
sons.

*If once our Minds were fix'd on Joys above,
The Troubles of this World won'd easie prove ;
But if Contentment be a Stranger, then
We'll ne'er seek for it but in Heav'n agen.*

L O N D O N: Printed for H. Playford, and is to be
sold by him at his Shop at the Temple-Change,
Fleetstreet: And Ben. Bragg, in Ave-Mary Lane.
1705. Pr. Sticht Sixpence.

10 N D W: Printed for H. Woodford and is to be
sold by him at his Shop at the Lewis-Charge,
Westmore: And few books in the City Lane.
Pr. Six pence.

THE
Right Honourable the
Countess of Burlington, &c.

Madam;
Your known Indulgence, even to the meanest Essays which tend to the Advancement of Piety; makes me presume to offer this Divine Piece to your Ladyship's perusal; and also to Screen it from the rude Insults of Triumphant Vice and Fashionable Immorality, under the Umbrage of so much Vertue and Goodness. The Age we live in, is so crowded with Profane Satyr, Immodest Songs, &c. disb'd up only for the Palaces of our wild debauch'd Youth, so unfavoury and displeasing to the taste of sober pious Persons; that many well-dispos'd Minds, for want of Direction suitable to their Inclinations, are very frequently seduc'd to take up with the former; to the Shocking, if not total Overthrow, of their Good and Vertuous Principles. This Consideration Madam; engag'd me in this Undertaking; and whilst others daily gather lovely glorious Flowers out of the poyson'd Beds of Pleasure: I have pick'd a few wholesome Herbs, less pleasing

to the Eye, but far more precious to the Nostril; and having made a Choice, tho' not gay, Possa, I blithly present it to your Ladyship; not doubting, but 'twill prove both sweet and savoury, when in the Hands of so Pious and Charitable a Person.

The Scheme of the Proposal for the Relief of our Poor, which is annex'd to this Book, I'm well assur'd, will be very acceptable to you; knowing how great a Love you have for Charity, and how that excellent heretofore, where it is the best and most beneficial Method for our Poor, that ever was Propos'd, I doubt not but will merit your Approbation, and Recommendation (when Opportunity permits) to Her Majesty; who has so often declar'd her Charitable disposition from the Throne.

I won'd not willingly be guilty of offending
You by my Prolixity, tho' I can hardly re-
strain my Tongue from enlarging upon that
Heavenly Subject; but being well satisfy'd
that none can pretend to instruct you in that
Vertue, you've been so long Mistress of, I
humbly beg Pardon for my Rudeness, and
leave to subscribe my self with all submission
Yours,



**For
And
Add**

(1)

MISCELLANY

POEMS,

UPON

Divine and Moral SUBJECTS.

Written by Mr. CHARLES HOPKINS,
on his Death-Bed, in Ireland.

TO Thee good God at last, tho' late I
turn
Not for my Sickness, but my Sins I
mourn :

For all my Crimes, Thy Mercies I implore,
And to those Mercies thou hast shewn before }
Add God the Grace that I may Sin no more.

B

I beg

I beg Thy Goodness to Prolong my Breath.
And give me Life, but to prepare for Death.
Pardon ! O Pardon my Transgression past !
Lord ! I Repent, make my Repentance last :
Let me again this mortal Race begin,
Let me Live on, but not Live on to Sin.
Which if Thy heavenly Wisdom finds unfit,
Thy Will be done, I willingly submit :
But let the Sov'raign Mercy bear the Sway,
Let Justice take the Flaming Sword away,
Or Man will ne'er abide the dreadful Day.
O ! by the Cross, and Passion of Thy Son,
Whose sacred Death the Life of Man begun,
By that dear Blood which my Redemption
cost,
And by the coming of the Holy Ghost,
Deliver us amidst the Woes to come
in th' Hour of Death, and in the day of Doom.

To Thee good God at last, I come
Not for my sickness, but my sin
For all my Crimes, Thy Mercies I implore,
Add to those Mercies thou hast shewn before
Add God the Grace that I may sin no more.
I beg

(3)

On the Blessed TRINITY.

By Sir JOHN CROFTS Knight.

To GOD the FATHER.

THOU God the Father hid from mortal Sight,
That cloath'st Thy Self with everlasting
Light ;

Thou King Eternal, with thy quick'ning Rays
Give Life to my dead Soul, clear all my Days
With thy bright Presence ; my weak Spirits fill
With Power, not Subject to the Tempter's will.
Give me a filial not a servile Fear,
Let every Sin be ransom'd with a Tear ;
Forbid me to Dispair or to Presume,
Lest too much Fear shou'd my best Hopes con-
sume :

And when my Body in the Grave shall rest,
May my cleans'd Soul in Martyr's Robes be drest.

To GOD the SON.

THOU God the Son Fountain of endless Rest,
With whose rare Birth a Virgin's Womb
was blest ;

Thou *Prince of Peace*, restore me with thy Blood,
And wash my Stains in that pure crimson
Flood ;

My deep dy'd Soul make white as new-fall'n
Snow,

With those mixt Streams which from thy Side
did flow ;

Let those sharp *Nails* that peirc'd thy *Hands*
and *Feet*,

Thy *Crown of Thorns* in my Redemption meet ;
My *Sins* are all by Imputation thine,

Thy *Suffrings* too are by Translation mine ;

Then let thy *Passion*, *Death* and *Burial* be
Pledges of everlasting *Life* to me.

To GOD the HOLY-GHOST.

Thou God the *Holy-Ghost*, that spread'st thy
Wings

O'er wounded Spirits, bath me in the Springs

Of thy defusive Joys ; and still impart
Fresh *Oyl of Gilead* to my bleeding Heart.

When I am folded in the Arms of *Death*,

Drop down thy Dew on my Expiring Breath :

Let not a Doubt of one uncancell'd Sin

Dare to disturb my sweet Repose within ;

All

All Clouds of Fear let thy bright Beams dispel,
 That in my Thoughts a serene Calm may dwell,
 So shall my *Rock of Faith* unshaken stand
 In full assurance of the promis'd Land.

Considerations on the 88 Psalm.

By Mr. PRIOR.

H EAVY, O Lord, on me thy Judgments lye,
 And curs'd I am; for God neglects my cry;

O Lord, in Darkness and Dispair I groan ;

And ev'ry Place is Hell ; for God is gone.

O Lord, arise and let thy Beams controul

Those horrid Clouds that press my frighted

Soul :

O rise, and save me from eternal Night,

Thou that art the *God of Light*.

Downward I hasten to my destin'd Place ;

There none obtain thy Aid, none sing thy
 Praise.

Soon I shall lye in Death's deep Ocean drown'd:

Is *Mercy* there ? Is sweet *Forgiveness* found ?

O ! save me yet, whilst on the Brink I stand ;

Rebuke the Storm, and set me safe to Land.

O! make my Longings and thy Mercy sure,
Thou that art the God of Power.

Behold the wearied Prodigal is come
To Thee, his Hope, his Harbour, and his Home:
~~No Father he cou'd find, no Friend abroad,~~
Depriv'd of Joy and destitute of God.

O! let thy Terrors and his Anguish end!
Be Thou his Father, and be thou his Friend:
Receive the Son Thou didst so long reprove,

~~Thou that art the God of Love.~~

A HYMN for Good-Friday.

By W. S. TROUD D. D.

SEE sinful Soul, thy Sav'ours Suff'ring, see
His Hands, and Feet fixt to the fatal Tree.
Observe what Rivulets of Blood stream forth
His painful pierced Side; each Drop more
worth

Than Tongue of Men or Angels can express:

Hast to him cursed Caitife, and confess

All thy Mis-deeds, and Sighing say, 'Twas I

That caus'd Thee thus my Lord my Christ to
die,

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O! let thy Death secure my Soul from Fears,
And I will wash thy Wounds with Floods of

Tears :

Grant me, sweet JESU, from thy precious
Store

One cleansing Drop, with Grace to sin no more.

Veni **Creator Spiritus, etc, Patrophrasid**
by **Mrs. D. D. D.**

Creator Spirit, by whose aid,
The World's Foundations first were laid;
Come visit my pious Mind;
Come pour thy Joys on human kind;
From Sin and Sorrow let us free,
And make thy Temples worthy Thee.

O source of uncreated Light,
The Father's promis'd **Paraclete**!
Thrice Holy Fount, thrice Holy Fire,
Our Hearts with Heavenly Love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred **Unction** bring
To sanctifie us, while we sing,
Plenteous of Grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy Seven-fold Energy!

Thou

Thou strength of his Almighty Hand,
 Whose Pow'r does Heav'n and Earth Com-
 mand :

Proceeding Spirit, our Defence,
 Who do'st the Gift of *Tongues* dispense,
 And crown'st thy Gift, with Eloquence !

Refine and purge our Earthly Parts ;
 But oh ! inflame and fire our Hearts !
 Our Frailties help, our Vice controul,
 Submit the Senses to the Soul ;
 And when Rebellious they are grown,
 Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

Chace from our Minds th' Infernal Foe,
 And Peace, the Fruit of Love, bestow :
 And, lest our Feet shou'd step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the Way.

Make us eternal Truths receive,
 And practice all that we believe ;
 Give us thy self, that we may see
 The *Father* and the *Son*, by Thee,

Immortal Honour, endless Fame
 Attend th' Almighty Father's Name :
 The *Saviour Son* be glorify'd,
 Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd :

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And equal Adoration be
Eternal Paraclite to Thee.

A Penitential Hymn, by Bp. KING.

Hearken, O God ! unto a Wretches crys,
Who low dejected at thy Footstool lies:
Let not the Clamour of my helinous Sin
Drown my Requests, which strive to enter in
At those bright Gates, which always open stand
To such as beg Remission at thy Hand.

Too well I know, if Thou in rigour deal
I cannot Pardon ask, nor yet appeal
To my hoarse Voice, Heav'n will no Audience
Grant

But deaf as Brass, and hard as Adamant
Beat back my Words, therefore I bring to
Thee

A gracious Advocate to plead for me.

What tho' my leprous Soul no Jordan can
Reoure, nor Floods of the lov'd Ocean
Make clean, yet from my Sav'our's bleeding
Side

Two large and medicable Rivers glide.

Lord, wash me where those Streams of Life
abound
And new Bethesdas flow from ev'ry Wound.

If I this precious Lather may obtain,
I shall not then despair for any Stain;
I need no *Gilead's* Balm, nor Oyl, nor shall
I for the purifying Hyssop call:
My Spots will vanish in his purple Flood,
And Crimson there turn White, tho' washt
with Blood.

A Prospect of Death.

O The vast Change from Life to Death!
From Breathing unto want of Breath;
From World and Light, and Sense of seeing,
To Shades and Darkness, and not *Being*;
From Heat and Motion since your Birth
Till now, to a cold Lump of Earth;
From gay Apparrel, dainty Fare
To woollen Cloaths and Worms repair;
From Hoarded Riches, Friends and Pride,
And all your Worldly Joys beside
You go, to try a new and doubtful State;
This, This, O Mortal! is your certain Fate.

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The Repenting Sinner.

By *Mr.* SAM. PHILLIPS *Late of*
St. John's Coll. Oxon.

BEhold, O Lord, the wretched State I'm in,
 And free me from this *Labyrinth* of Sin;
 My poor stray'd Soul does for her Errours
 mourn,

And would (but O too late!) to Thee return:
 In vain alas! She seeks the *Path* to find,

So intricate the false *Meanders* wind;
 Doubtful she stops, and fears to venture on
 Left she shou'd farther towards Destruction

run.
 For Many lead astray, but only One

That must conduct th' unhappy Wanderer home;
 Sweet *Jesu*, grant her a *Returning* *Clew*,

To lead her thence, and guide her Steps to you:
 Refuse not her Repentance tho' so late;

'Tis greater to *Redeem* than to *Create*.

A Midnight HYMN, by Bp. K E N.

Lord, now my Sleep does me forsake,
 The sole possession of me take,
 Let no vain fancy me illude,
 No one impure Desire intrude.
 Blest Angels! while we silent lie,
 You Hallelujahs sing on high;
 You ever wakeful near the Throne,
 Prostrate, adore the Three in One.

I now awake, do with you joyn,
 To praise our God in Hymns Divine:
 With you in Heav'n I hope to dwell,
 And bid the Night and World farewell.
 My Soul, when I shake off this dust,
 Lord, in thy Arms I will entrust;
 O make me thy peculiar care,
 Some heav'nly Mansion me prepare.

Give me a place at thy Saints feet,
 Or some fall'n Angel's vacant seat;
 I'll strive to sing as loud as they,
 Who sit above in brighter day.

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O may I always ready stand,
With my Lamp burning in my Hand,
May I in sight of Heav'n rejoice,
When e'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

Glory to thee in light arraid,
Who Light thy dwelling place hast made,
An immense Ocean of bright Beams,
From thy All-glorious Godhead streams.

The Sun in its Meridian height,
Is very darkness in thy light;
My Soul, O lighten, and enflame,
With Thought and Love of thy great Name.

Blest Jesu, thou on Heav'n intent,
Whole Nights hast in Devotion spent,
But I, frail Creature, soon am tir'd,
And all my Zeal is soon expir'd.

My Soul, how canst thou weary grow,
Of Antidoting Heav'n below,
In sacred Hymns, and Divine Love,
Which will Eternal be above?

Shine on me, Lord, new life impart,
Fresh ardours kindle in my Heart;

((14))

One ray of thy All-quickning light,
Dispels the sloth and clouds of Night.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprize,
Watch over thine own Sacrifice,

All loose, all idle Thoughts cast out,
And make my very Dreams devout.

Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow,
Praise him all Creatures here below,

Praise him above y' Angelick Host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

A Morning HYMN.

WHat Praise! what Thanks to Thee my
God are due,
Who hast this Night preserv'd me from all ill?
O may I with this morning Light renew
My broken Vows, and from this time
Abandon ev'ry Sin, and Crime;
And Study nothing but thy heav'nly Will.

The cheerful Birds with early Notes began
Sing to the rising Sun;
Sin! like an envious Cloud obscur'd my Day,
And would have hid me in eternal Night;
But Thou, dear Lord! with one celestial Ray
A sweet Intelligence dost give,
That I am Thine, and I shall live
To Dwell for ever in thy glorious Light.
Hallelujah.

A HYMN to the Morning.

By N. INGELD, D. D.

Good God! how dull a Thing am I, to make
Nights of this tedious Length; when
such awake
Who need more Sleep than I, and rise by
Night,
Whose Work will scarce pay for their Candle-
Light?
Is Death so lovely grown, that I shou'd court
His drowlie Image in this sleepy sort?
What Pleasure is't for half my Time to be
In cloudy Mists lost to my self and Thee?

The

The chearful Birds with early Notes begun
Sing *To Peans* to the rising Sun ;
And all the Flow'rs lift up their nodding
Heads,
And spread their Leaves upon their fragrant
Beds,
And deck themselves with all their Pride to
give
Welcome to those bright Fires which make
'em live.

But I lie still detain'd in sluggish Dreams,
Tho' thou art up, and with thy active Beams
Upbraid'st my Sloth : Nay, thou dost never set,
But upon *Sinners*, and such as forget
Why they have Eyes. *Great Sun*, thy out-
spread Ray,
Chasing the Shades, dost make a constant Day ;
And with its Vigour all dark Power's controuls,
And shines at *Midnight* upon watchful Souls.

Lord, since thy Lustres by this earthen Ball
Are intercepted, and I in a Wall
Of Mud shut up, and those gross Fumes that
From this foul Dungeon cloud my feeble Eyes ;

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Tear this thick Curtain, and restore my Sight;
 Transport me to the Regions of Light,
 Where nothing comes from whence a Cloud
 may grow,
 Where blessed Visions *Light* and *Eyes* bestow;
 Where holy Souls eternal Watches keep,
 Advanc'd above Earth, Sin, dark Night and
 Sleep.

A short Hymn, by N. INGELÖ, D. D.

WE bless Thee, God, the Father of us all,
 And celebrate the World's Original.
 The Heav'ns and Earth made and restor'd by
 Thee,

Joyn Praises in a grateful Harmony.

Accept our thankful Hymn, though such poor
 Lays

Fall infinitely short of worthy Praise.

And since, *great Source of Being*, we can never
 Praise Thee enough, we'll sing and Praise Thee
 ever.

To the Memory of E. M. an eminent Di-
vine lately Deceas'd.

A Pindarick Ode.

A Mourning Friend invites a mourning
Muse,

To tell the Melancholly News,
And cloath her self with sable Weeds,
Such as will show her Heart with Sorrow
bleeds :

With Grief she can't express
But in soft melting Verse,
That still and silent rouls, as the dark Night
In which he vanish'd from our Sight.
To mount the Regions of eternal Night.

Come hither friendly Muse, and tell
How this good Prophet fell,
That always liv'd so well?
What sawcy Messenger durst strike the Blow
Of fatal Death,
And seize his Breath
Who always was in readiness to go?

Could

Cou'd not his Piety Command
 This cruel God to stand,
 And stop the pressure of his leaden Hand?

3.

Alas he's cold ! Oh for a Grave
 To bury the sad Tale !

For Tears cannot prevail
 Where Goodness cou'd not save !

Learning we boast in vain,
 A Grave is all we gain,
 For a Life spent in Study and in Pain :

Wretched Mortality !

Cou'dst thou thy self but see
 Thou wou'd'st hate Death as we love Thee.

4.

But why do I expostulate,
 Since Sorrow comes too late
 To hinder his, but to hasten our own Fate ?

Of what strange Atoms are we made,
 That we of Death shou'd be afraid ?

That's but a quiet, cool, refreshing Shade ;
 That we shou'd fear to mix with Earth,
 Our Parent Clay that gave us Birth ?

But still methinks there's Horror there,
 Something I have, but know not what to fear;
 The Grave's a solitary Place
 Where life ne'er shows its Face;
 But is hung round with deep despair:
 There all the Furies dwell,
 For the dark Grave is Hell,
 And what is done below, none here can tell.

How fond of Life is vain Mankind?
 Who all those joys pursue
 That seem to make it new,
 Because he can no other Pleasure find?
 But thou my Friend didst higher go
 Resolv'd sublimer Things to know,
 Wing'd Heav'n, and left us here below:
 For Earth was all too little for thy Mind,
 And thou to all its trifling Pleasures blind.

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A short Contemplation on the Joys of Heav'n
 by Mr. E. TAYLOR, late of Magdalen
 Colledge Oxon. And admirably Set by
 Mr. J. CLARK.

Blest be those sweet Regions where
 Eternal Peace and Musick are:

That solid Calm, and that bright Day,
 Where brighter Angels Sing and Play;
 We here a ruff'd World endure,
 Never easie, ne'er secure.

Blest be those Souls that dwell above
 In Extacies of *mutual Love*.

Upon Divine Musick, by Mr. GOLD.

M*usick* what art thou? From what Cau-
 ses do'st thou Spring?

O Thou Divine Mysterious Thing!
 Let me but know, and knowing give me
 Voice to Sing.

Art Thou the Warmth in Spring that *Zephyrus*
 breaths,
 Painting the Meads, and whistling through
 the Leaves;

The

The happy *Season* that all Grief exiles,
 When God is pleas'd, and the Creation Smiles?
 Or art thou *Love*, that Mind to Mind imparts,
 The endless Concord of agreeing Hearts?
 Or art thou *Friendship*, yet a nobler Flame,
 That can a dearer Way make *Souls* the same:
 Or art Thou rather *what* does all transcend,
 The Centre where at last the Blest ascend,
 The seat where *Hallelujahs* never end?
 Corporeal *Eyes* won't clearly let us see,
 But either Thou art *Heav'n*, or *Heav'n's* Thee.

The Triumphs of DEATH.

By MR. JAMES SHERLY.

THe Glories of our Birth and State,
 Are Shadows, not substantial Things:
 There is no *Armor* 'gainst our Fate,
 Death lays his Icy-Hands on Kings:
 Scepter and Crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the Dust be equal laid
 With the poor crooked Sythe and Spade.

Some

Some Men with Swords, may reap the Field,
 And plant fresh Lawrels where they kill'd :
 But their strong Nerves at last must yield,
 They tame but one another still,
 Early or late
 They bend to Fate,
 And must give up their murmur'ing Breath,
 While the Pale Captive creeps to Death :

The Garland withers on your Brow,
 Then boast no more, your mighty Deeds,
 Upon Death's purple Altar now
 See where the *Victor* Victim Bleeds.
 All Heads must come
 To the cold Tomb,
 Only the Actions of the just,
 Smell sweet, and Blossom in the Dust.

*Upon Zaccheus climbing up a Tree to see
 our Saviour pass by.*

Well step'd Zaccheus : 'twas a Step well
 given
 From Earth to th' Tree, and from the Tree to
 Heaven,
 Time

Time to be preferr'd before Wealth.

THe loss of *Wealth* I much lament,
But more that *Time* decays :
For *Wealth* may be regain'd that's spent,
But never *Length of Days*.

*Under the Picture of an Infant laid out
Dead on a Table, with a Death's-
Head, and a Rose-Bud by it.*

Fix this rare *Emblem* on thy Closet Door,
And be in love with *Vanity* no more :
Death is a *Haven* to which all Winds drive,
And where at last each Mortal must arrive ;
Be therefore wise, that when thy *Corps* shall lie
At *Anchor* thus, thy Soul, may *Mount on high*.

Man's Misery, written by Bp. KING.

ILL-busi'd Man, why shoud'st thou take such
Care
To lengthen out thy *Life's* short *Kalendar* ?

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When e'ry Spectacle thou look'st upon
 Presents and Acts thy Execution ;
 Each drooping *Season*, e'ry *Flow'r* doth cry
 Fool, as *I fade and wither*, *Thou must die* ;
 The beating of thy *Pulse*, when thou art well,
 Is just the *Tolling* of thy *Passing-Bell* ;
 Night is thy *Hearse*, whose sable Canopy
 Covers alike deceased Day and Thee :
 And all those weeping Dews which Nightly
 Fall,
 Are but as *Tears* shed for thy *Funeral*.

An Evening H T M N.

Sleep, downy Sleep, come close mine Eyes,
 Tir'd with beholding *Vanities* ;
 Welcome sweet Sleep that driv'st away
 The Toils and Follies of the Day.

2.

On thy soft Bosom, will I lie,
 Forget the World, and Learn to Die :
 O *Israel's* watchful Shepherd spread
 Tents of *Angels* round my Bed !

E

3.

Let not the Spirit of the Air
 Whilst I slumber, me insnare;
 But guard thy suppliant free from harms,
 Clasp'd in thine everlasting Arms.

4.
 Clouds and thick darkness are thy Throne,
 Thy wonderful Pavilion:
 O dart from thence a shining Ray,
 And then my *Midnight* shall be *Day*,

5.
 Thus when the Morn in Crimson drest,
 Breaks through the Windows of the East,
 Hymns of thankful Praise shall rise,
 Like *Incense* on the *Morning Sacrifice*.

*A Consolation for the sudden Death
 of a Friend.*

SHORT is our *Life*, but longer is our *Rest*,
 God takes those soonest, whom he loveth
 best;
 For He that lives to *Day*, and dies to *Morrow*,
 Looses some *Days* of *Life*, but *Years* of *Sorrow*.

Man's

*Man's Life, by Dr. CORBET Bishop
of Norwich.*

What is our *Life*? a *Play* of *Passion*;
Our *Mirth*, the *Musick* of *Diversion*.
Our *Mother's Wombs* the *Tyring Houses* be,
Where we are *Dress'd* for *Life's short Comedy*.
Earth is our *Stage*; *Heav'n* our *Spectator* is,
Who sits and veils who e'er doth *Act* amiss.
Our *Graves* that hide us from the *Scorching*
 Sun,
Are like *drawn Curtains* when the *Play* is done.
Thus *Playing* run we to our latest *Rest*,
Where we all *Dye in earnest*, not in *jest*.

A Paraphrase on Psalm 15.

Who shall dwell in thy Tabernacle?

Great God, who art without compare,
Whose *Essence* Time, nor Place can com-
 prehend,

On thine high *Love* and in thy *Fear*
How fain would I the following *Winters* spend?

2.

Within thy *Temple* there are Joys
Not taken notice of by Carnal Eyes ;

Wherein, who well his Mind employs,
Is ty'd to sweets, chain'd to Felicities.

3.

My Heart stands trembling at thy Door ;
Lord, let an humble *Publican* come in ;

A miserable Wretch before !

But now he smites his Breast, the *Shop* of Sin.

4.

What Sights I in the *Temple* see,
Ev'n such, as ravish'd *Paul*, could ne'r express !

What Treasures of Felicity,

What Seas, what Gulphs, of Thought trans-
cending *Bliss* !

5.

And whose are These ? *Mans* ? sure not so ?
What ? Can a Worm possess such Heavenly
Things ?

Can Dust, the sport of Winds that blow,
Subject to Death, Reign with the *King of Kings* ?

6.

He, all whose Deeds still Righteous are,
That never Paints his Actions with false Art,
Who loves not only to speak Fair,
But what he speaks, means fairly in his Heart.

7.

Who never makes a Trap o's Tongue
To catch th' Unwary, or the Innocent,

Who never doth his Neighbour wrong,
Or, if he does, sincerely doth Repent.

8.

Tho' others prize him, in's own Eyes,
His best Performances seem mean and base:

Yet when in others Good he Spies,
He Honours and excites them more with Praise.

Who having pass'd his Word, be sure
Is ready to perform his promise still:

And tho' a Looser, rests secure;
For he no Loss esteems like *Doing ill.*

Who alters not for Bribes, or Threats
The settled Temper of his constant Mind,

But vertuous Actions still Repeats:
This Man and only this, these Joys shall Find.

Against Uneasiness in Trouble.

Impatient Man why do I grieve and Mourn?
Either I shall have comfort, or have none;

If

If Hopes, what Reason have I to complain?
If none, my grief is fruitless and in vain.

The Last Account.

HOW blithe, secure, and brisk and gay
Doth *Pride* and *Folly* seem?
They find no rubs to stop their Way,
And think no Cloud will close their Day:
But all's a Golden Dream.

Is there a God, do you suppose,
Proud Scandals of the Earth?
Yes, there's a God, you'll find, that knows
The *Machinations* of his Foes,
And will disturb your Mirth.

Tho' up to Heaven it self you fly
To scape his angry Mind;
Or in the Ocean's Depth do lie,
You're not too low, nor yet too high,
For his just Hand to find.

Go then a while and sport it here,
If you will needs be Mad:

But

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But after all it will appear,
How justly you that God will Fear,
Whose Fear you never had.

The last Day of Death and Judgment.

Great Judge, when Death and Time their
Trumpets sound;
And raise our sluggish Bodies from the Ground,
When trembling Souls shall stand before thy
Throne,
And all their Sins shall unto All be known,
What shall I do, what shall I speak or say,
To excuse my self upon that dreadful Day?

2.
Can the World, Flesh, or De'il then Plead my
Cause?

No, They, and I thro' them, have broke thy
Laws.

Or will some Saint befriend me with his
Tongue?

Saints, then will hate me, 'cause I've done Thee
wrong.

Or shall I then Presume, my Eloquence,
Or Verse, will quit me from my Live's Offence?

But

No, *Horror* then the proudest Tongue will Tie,
And *Conscience*, louder than my Voice will cry,
What shall I then devise to do, or say,

T' excuse my self upon that dreadful Day?

I'll say, my *God*, my *God*, that gav'st me Grace,
My *Father*, O do thou my Sins deface.

4.
Tho' late, I heard thy Call; on Earth I found
Thy *Judgment's* Trumpet in mine Ears did sound.

Then I my *Resurrection* had, 'twas then
I left the Grave of Sin, that loathsome Den:
Trembling before thee then my *Soul* did stand,
Till thou didst raise me with thy *Royal Hand*.

5.
Thou great *Ahasuerus*, thou didst hold
Thy Scepter forth of Mercy, not of Gold.
Thou gav'st me Life: Not that I ought could
claim,

But only for the sake of thy great Name.

Behold thy *Son*, on Him my Hopes relie!

Say blessed *Jesu*, didst it not for me die?

6.
Oh gracious Lord! behold, thou do'st confess,
I'm one of thine, tho' much I did transgress:

But

But since at last, I heard thy gracious Voice ;
 For ever in thy Mercy I'll rejoice :
 If Thou thy self, O Lord, my Cause will Plead,
 'Twill be a Day of Life to me indeed.

The Storm, by Mr. SAM. PHILLIPS.

Great God ! when arm'd with Thunder
 you prepare
 To send your Voice and Lightnings thro' the
 Air,

The Melting Clouds drop down upon our
 Head :

And when we hear th' amazing sound,
 And see the Lightning sweep along the
 Ground,

Ev'n those that Love Thee, do those Wonders
 dread.

Poor frighten'd *Beasts* about for shelter fly,
 But finding none aloud for Horrour cry,

And trembling stand before the *Lord of All* :

But where a *Conscience* Thunders too,

And *Blushes* seem thy Lightnings to outdo,
 What ghastly Terrours on such *Sinners* fall !

3.

Yet after all these Dreadful Storms and Rain,
The quicken'd Earth is soon reviv'd again ;

The sprouting Grass resumes a verdant hue :

The Sun presents a smiling Face,

And purple Clouds appear with greater
Grace ;

And Nature faded Pleasures does renew.

4.

Thus while against weak *Man*, this little
World,

For sin, thy Thunderbolts of wrath are hurl'd,

And fiery Flashes of a Guilty Mind ;

His short-liv'd *Pleasures* hang their head

His Momentary *Joy*s are all decay'd,

And trembling Thoughts (those Beasts) no
no shelter find.

5.

His Cloudy Brows dissolve in Show'rs of Tears,

Deep sighs, like Hail-stones, rattle in his Ears,

The Heart, that *lofty Mountain*, then does
quake :

That Mind, which nothing cou'd subdue,

Totters and reels, not knowing what to do :

And the *firm Basis* of his Soul does shake.

6.

But after all thy raging Storms are gone,
Thy Grace appears, like the returning Sun,
And glads our Souls, and all our sorrow dries;
Then the cheer'd *Conscience* drops her
Fears;

The *Heart* reviving smiles; and no more
Fears,

But those of Joy, gush from those Clouds, our
Eyes.

If Lord, without such Tempests thou dost see,
My barren *Soul* will never fruitful be;

Neither thy *Lightnings*, *Rain* nor *Thunder*
spare;

For if they will such *Fruits* produce,

Why shou'd the *Garden* of my *Soul* refuse
Thy Dressing; since 'tis given to thy *Care*?

The devout Schollar.

When I do with my self devise
To write some *Learned Exercise*,
My Study most on God relies.

Perhaps I read a Book or two
 With care, as Schollars ought to do:
 And of my Thoughts I take a View.

But when I've took this honest Care,
 Upon my Knees I strait repair
 To God, and ask His help in Prayer.

Thence to my Study I Proceed,
 No other help at all I need:

The work is done with *Ease* and *Speed*.

O Schollars, wou'd you learn this way,
 You wou'd not study Night and Day,
 But sometimes study, sometimes pray.

The richest *Wit*, that e'er was known,
 Derived is from God alone,
 And for its Author *Him* doth own.

If this be plain, who wou'd despair,
 When he had gain'd God's Love by Prayer,
 To shew both equal *Wit* and *Care*?

This is the Way, and only This:
 Keep close to God, you cannot miss
 Either of *Learning* or of *Bliss*.

The Wish, by Mr. SAM. PHILLIPS.

O Lord! vouchsafe thy gracious aid,
 T' assist me in this fearful Strife;

Of my poor Soul I am afraid,

To save my Soul I'd loose my Life.

Make me Fortune's sporting Ball;

Bless me to my greater Grief;

Never hear me when I call;

Only send my Soul Relief.

Make my Friends my deadly Foes,

Let m' each Hour new Sorrows meet;

Mix with bitterest Gall my Woes,

Only to my Soul be Sweet.

Rather than fail of Heavenly Bliss

Do thou all Worldly Hopes destroy;

May I all other Comforts miss,

So I at last my God enjoy.

The Wish of H. P.

Dear Jesus, when Death from Earthly Troubles set
 me free,

How will my Soul rejoice to be with Thee?

Admit me some low Place in Thy blest Choir

where tho' I may not Sing, I may Admire.

The

*The MAXIMS of the Wife.
Worthy the Perusal of Young and Old.*

ADore the sole Creator of the World; and love him with all your Soul: Honour and be dutiful to those who brought you into the World; give Respect to your Superiors; and obey the Laws: Do unto all Men as you would be done by: Be Humane and Civil, doing good to all Men; Love your Kindred, and your Friends; but more especially esteem your Patron: Procure the Publick Good; Respecting all good People: Keep no ill Company, but converse with those whom you would most Resemble: Be not Ungrateful; occasion no Curses; know your Self; and Measure your Designs according to your Strength; spending agreeable with your Wealth, the one and the other in Reason: Weigh your Speeches; abhor a Liar, and the Lye; but Remember that the Truth is not to be spoken at all times: Pardon much to others, but nothing to your self: Be firm, but not Obdurate, if you have a Mind to change Sentiments, let it be with Reason, and not Slightly: Desire what is proper, undergo willingly what befalls you: Be the Master, and not the Slave of your Passion; let it serve to advance, but not to tye you: Fear not Death, nor wish it; but believe, that he that cares for neither Conscience nor Honour, has liv'd too long.

P. R. O.

PROPOSALS

TO ALL

Pious and Charitable Persons

For Raising a

FUND

FOR

Erecting of Hospitals, Alms-Houses, Work-Houses, and Houses of Correction in every City, Town and Corporation, and large Parishes within her Majesty's Dominions, for the Yearly Education of poor Parish Children, Relief of Aged Persons past their Labour, the Punishing of Vagabonds and Idle Persons, and yearly training up of Soldiers and Seamen for her Majesty's Service.

THE Method the Undertaker proposes, is, in the first place, to raise a Million Fund, to be necessarily distributed into lesser Funds throughout the Places aforesaid; which lesser Funds will

will advance to 10 *per Cent.* each to the several Hospitals, and the Money employ'd from the Funds for Cloathing, Teaching, Maintenance and Provisions will save in the disposing thereof 20 *l. per Cent.* more than yet hath been done upon any other Charity by the Undertaker's means.

II. To be a Governour and two Assistants elected in every Parish, who are to choose 10 more to their Assistance, and together to appoint 13 Persons their Places to act under them as they shall think necessary.

III. The Governour and Assistants, at a Meeting to agree and set out common or Waste Ground to their several Parishes belonging, for building Hospitals, &c.

IV. A Draught for building such Hospitals to be laid before the Governour and Assistants, with an estimate of the Charge of Building according thereto.

V. The Governor and Assistants to be incorporated, with Power to hold a Court Monthly, and Offices and proper Clerks appointed in every Parish to keep Books and Entries of Accounts, which are to be produced at every Court for Inspection.

VI. To be four Commissioners appointed, to state the Accounts twice a year, which Accounts shall be printed for the Publick Satisfaction.

VII. To be a Number of Persons Handy-Craft Trades, Arts and Mysteries employ-

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ed to teach and train up Youth within the said Hospitals, &c. and they to have Appartments and Allowances for the same, as the Commissioners shall think fit.

VIII. To be Boys brought up to Handy-craft Trades, and they to do the Repairs of the said Hospitals, &c. till they have served their Times, and then if there be any Vacancy, they to fill up the same, and to receive such Profits as their Predecessors, and to teach the Boys their Trades.

IX. To be Boys instructed in the Mathematicks, and then serve 3 Years in her Majesty's Fleet, receiving only Provisions and necessary Cloathing.

X. Both Boys and Girls to be taken in, at, or under the Age of 3 Years to be Parish Children.

XI. To be Aged Men, past their Labour, decently cloathed and provided for within the Hospitals and Alms-houses aforesaid.

XII. Likewise Provision will be made for all decay'd Artists, &c.

By this means there will be Thousands of Poor daily employ'd, and likewise Thousands of Vagabonds and Idle and Vicious Persons yearly punish'd.

In all other Charities hitherto founded, at the end of the Year, there does not appear any Encrease of their Money, but often a Deficiency thereof; whereas the Undertaker of this, will yearly advance his

several Funds, and in two Years take every
 1000 l. Stock to 1500 l. and so proportiona-
 bly for greater Funds, which will be of
 great advantage to Trade, by reason these
 Funds will make Cash circulate throughout
 the Nation.

By this Circulation twill prevent Stock-
 jobbers and Uferers from Engrossing of
 great Sums of Money which is the fall of
 Land and decay of Trade in general, and
 more particularly, will bring down the Price
 of Coals, Corn, &c. by whose Excess and
 Extortion, thousands of poor Families, have
 and do daily perish.

By the rightly disposing this Charity
 twill be the means to remove all common
 Beggars, vicious and idle Persons, who have
 formerly receiv'd and abus'd your Charity;
 and also to discover Thousands of Poor
 Families, whose Wants and Necessities,
 through their Modesty, have not been re-
 liev'd; who by reason of the long War
 and general decay of Trade, have been re-
 duced to the greatest Extremity of Want,
 whose Condition this Undertaker lays be-
 fore you as an Object worthy of your
 Charity: By which Assistance many Thou-
 sands of poor Children, and their Aged
 Parents, will have great reason to rejoyce and
 praise God for such a Charitable Provi-
 sion.

Twill likewise be the means to preserve
 the Souls of Thousands of Poor Children

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of vicious Parents, by taking them young from them, before they have imbibed any of their vicious Principles, and giving them an early Education in the ways of Piety.

'Twill save the Rich and Charitable Persons, in every Parish of their Charge to their Poor, which for want of due Inspection into, the Poors Cash, has been greatly misapplied, and the Moneys given, much imbezelled and wasted, which will be prevented by the worthy Persons to be elected in every Parish to act herein.

The Undertaker's publishing this Specimen or Rough Draught, is to try the Hearts and Inclinations of all Charitable and good Christians to encourage and carry on this Pious Undertaking, which will be Monthly Printed, with an Account of its Encrease, Subscriptions, and Persons Names so subscribing in every large Parish, City, Town, &c. where this Charity is like to be first encouraged and fix'd.

'Tis the most proper time to Publish this, in the Reign of a Queen who takes all Opportunities to advance and encourage Works of true Piety, and chiefly delights in the Encouraging of Vertue and Extirpating of Vice; and the Undertaker hopes 'twill receive due Encouragement from the Pious and Learned Bishops and Clergy of this Land, and that they will promote the putting in practice that which they so often have recommended from their Pulpits, being a Mo-

del of the greatest Charity ever yet proposed.

'Tis also wish'd all pious and worthy Gentry may Encourage it, by taking a Trust upon them; for by acting in this Charity they will become Friends and Advocates to the Poor, who have been hitherto destitute of any.

Those Persons who are inclin'd to encourage this Undertaking, may be further inform'd and fully satisfy'd by H. Playford, living in Arundel-Street, in the Strand.

What is there upon Earth more glorious, more great than such standing Monuments of Charity? Or what can more justly merit the regard of our Creator than these kind of Works; wherein *Wisdom and Piety, Vigilance and Charity, Humility and Zeal* meet in all their Beauty and Lustre? What is more Magnificent than the Bounty? What more taking than the Order of these Foundations?

How much more fearless and active wou'd Zeal be than Ambition? How much more wakeful and indefatigable Charity than Lust or Covetousness, Revenge or Envy, (Ah! with what Transport wou'd Man pour out his Treasure and Strength on this one Design of doing good) had he but a Heav'n always in his Eye?

Let us then, that we may neither shrink, nor tire thro' any Difficulties or Hazards which may attend us in this Race of doing good, look up daily unto Jesus, till our Faith be turn'd into Vision; and make Heav'n our Meditation; till God make it our Reward. For remember, *That whatsoever we have in Hand, we shou'd do it with all our Might: For there is no Knowledge Wisdom or Contrivance in the Grave, whereto we are all shortly going.*



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